2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
NO6 Comanche NO6

the crow, the kingfisher, the prairie hen, and the eagle, so 292
dyed by his ingenious wives as to reflect all the colors of the rainbow. Of all the horses that grazed the wide pastures round about his camp, he was mounted upon the most fleet and spirited—the weapons of war in which he was accoutred were a knife thrust through his belt, a hatchet suspended from the pommel of his saddle, and a Mexican rifle, rare among his tribe, upon the possession of which he prided himself exceedingly.

I bestrode the same old mule that had so often and so 000
far borne me on her back, with nothing hanging from my saddlebow but a huge buffalo horn wherewith to furnish my doughty master with cool draughts from the streams as we journeyed on the way. Saluting the Sleek Otter, who little thought it was the last nod she would ever receive from her long-haired spouse—for, not having seen a razor for three years, I was very far from being "the man all shaven and shorn, who married the maiden all forlorn"—we trotted away from the village, myself in advance, neither of us destined ever to return.

From early morning we traveled leisurely but steadily, 574
and at sunset entered a valley wherein resided a small tribe 439
whose chief was *Nis-ti-u-na*, the Wild Horse. The usual hospitalities were extended—or rather on this occasion they were unusual—inasmuch as a party had just returned from a meeting with the traders, bringing with them a quantity of mescal, a kind of whisky distilled from the fruit of a tree, commonly known in Mexico as the cabbage tree.

An Indian's dignity, whether chief or subject, never rises 574
to that elevated degree which prevents his getting drunk 273
every opportunity that offers, and consequently it followed, as a matter of course, that so distinguished a visitor as the Rolling Thunder, arrived at that peculiar juncture, could

not avoid stretching himself on his buffalo skin that night without a weighty "brick in his hat." In other words, the sedate old fellow became beastly intoxicated,—forgot altogether the decorum that characterized his customary walk and conversation—vainly attempted to be funny—danced out of place—and whooped when there was no occasion for it—in fact, was as boisterous and silly as about half a gallon of bad whiskey could make him.

However, bright and early in the morning, the chief was again on his proper legs, ready to set forward on the journey, intending to lodge that night at another village farther to the north. After a breakfast of mustang steak, which rested ill on his sour stomach, we bade the sore-headed sons of the tribe of the Wild Horse good morning, and pursued our travel. Very soon we passed out of their valley and entered the defiles of the mountains. The last night's debauch had set the old chief on fire, and before the sun had halfway ascended to the zenith, his throat was parched, and he was mad with thirst. But there was no water to be found. On and on we went, threading our way through thick bushes, around the sharp points of overhanging cliffs, across rough and rugged ravines, but nowhere did a spring or running stream greet his longing eyes. We continued to press forward in this manner until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when, reaching the bottom of a deep hollow, we discovered water oozing from the base of a perpendicular precipice and trickling down a little muddy channel through the grass.

He called impetuously upon me to fill the horn at once. Though I attempted to obey his order with all possible celerity, the rill was so extremely shallow that in spite of my best endeavors, every dip I made, the contents of the horn would come up in the proportion of three parts mud

7: Richardson D-4 (no date) 1929
NO6 Comanche NO6

nomadic habits of the tribe and their loose political organization made it impossible for the honest Indians to control their less scrupulous brethren and the reputation of all suffered because of the acts of a few. Furthermore, after about the middle of the nineteenth century it was almost impossible for the plains Indians to live by honest means. The inroads of whites and eastern Indians resulted in the killing off of their game so that the nomadic savages had to either steal or starve. Naturally they chose to steal. Also, the Anglo-American frontiersman had little regard for the Indians' rights and a thousand acts of injustice prompted the most horrible retaliation on the part of the savages.

The Comanches loved tobacco, but eschewed liquor until the last days of the pre-reservation period. However, even in this respect they gradually yielded to the demoralizing influence of the stronger race and drunkenness was occasionally observed. The fascination which the vices of the whites had for the savages is illustrated by an anecdote Smithwick gives in his memoirs. With chief Muguara (who was later slain in the Council House fight at San Antonio) Smithwick had visited Bastrop and the two were about to return to the Comanche village. "Juaqua," said the old chief, addressing Smithwick by his Comanche name, "hadn't we better get a bottle of fool's water? We might meet hostile Indians on the road and it would make us brave."[33]

33. The Evolution of a State, 179.

[pp 74-end not processed]

21: Burnet T-5 (1818-1819) 1954 NOo Comanche NO6
Texas

Men, whose furrowed [ca. 1818] 175
cheeks and blanched locks palpably indicate what we would 165
call an extreme old age, and who by their own traditionary 887
accounts, have felt the frosts of an hundred winters, will not 145
relinquish the sports of their youth, the hunting of Buffaloes
on horseback. The almost unqualified salubrity of the cli- 175
mate they occupy, certainly has a large share in this unusual 165
prolongation of life and activity. Their being altogether de- [273]
barred, by local remoteness from civilization, from the use
of spirituous liquors, is another prominent reason of their OOO
healthful condition. How happy would it be, for the abused
and degraded aborigines of our country, had they all been
equally secluded from access to that baleful poison of the
moral and physical man. Their intercourse with their more
refined and cultivated neighbors, might in that case have
been productive of many benefits to this hapless race, where-
as it has been replete with disaster.

B.

[*The Cincinnati Literary Gazette*, July 3, 1824] 192

A brief desultory and imperfect vocabulary of the Comanche language; respectfully dedicated to Professor Rafinesque of Transylvania University [Lexington, Ky.]

Too-he-whistee—Man
Whiep—Woman
App—Father
Pe a—Mother
Too-a—Son
Pate—Daughter
Ta-que-ne-whap—Chief captain
Pe ee sheamp—Private soldier
Tav-e-vo—Spaniard
Carno—American
Inkernish—English
Pavom-pete—White man
Tu-he-wheete—Red or color'd men
Hanche—Friend
Hanche-ka-a—Enemy
Taa-ve—Sun
Mu-ur—Moon
So-co-vete—The Earth
Tasheno—Stars
Kar-me-ad-tasheno—North or not moving star
Tucan—Night
Ta-bane—Day
Oot-sa-inte—Winter or cold
Urra-inte—Summer or warm

24: Richardson H-4 (no date) 1929 NO6 Comanche NO6
(1854-1859) Texas

pede. If Neighbor's estimate of a thousand or twelve hundred souls be accepted as the approximate population of the Southern Comanches, it is evident that not more than a fourth of these Indians were at the reservation when it was established. The two most influential chiefs, Buffalo Hump, a chronic disturber, and Sanaco, destined to become quite as great a rogue, were still at large. Other Indians came in at different times, so that on one occasion there were 557 souls; but 350 or 400 would represent a fair average for the whole period.[9] Evidently many Indians came and left very much at will, in spite of the efforts of the agents to hold them.

It would have been much better if the renegades had stayed away altogether, for their chiefs were jealous of Ka-tem-e-see and frequently connived to supersede him. During the winter of 1855-1856, Sanaco came in, gave up some horses his people had stolen in the country west of San Antonio, and returned to the prairies to bring in his band. He brought in his people according to promise, but soon left because as he alleged, troops were arriving at Camp Cooper and he felt that this would mean that his braves could get whiskey. However, he must have known that his men could get whiskey while running at large even more easily than at the reservation. A more plausible reason for his leaving is that given by the agent, John R. Baylor, namely, that he found he could not supersede his rival, Ka-tem-e-see. His band became even more lawless and was charged with a number of robberies and murders. Once, in jocular mood, the chief sent word by an Indian runner that he would bring his people in if Major Neighbors would furnish him and his people with all the whiskey they could drink. And they would stay, he said, as long as the whiskey lasted!

Buffalo Hump was even more troublesome than Sanaco. He would come in and make many promises stating that he had reformed and was determined to live the life of a good, honest Indian henceforth. But, if the spirit was willing the flesh was weak in the case of Buffalo Hump; and as soon as the agent had made him presents in consideration for his profession of good intentions he would steal away to the prairies to plunder and rob and live

9. The different reports of the agents show numbers as follows: January 1, 1854, 450; September 8, 1854, 557; September, 1857, 424; January 17, 1858, 501; September 14, 1858, 371; October 30, 1858, 841; July, 1859, 882.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

until years later, after I had gone away to college myself, that I tried to analyze the reasons for the old fellows' interest in me.

One conclusion I reached was that because of my size and what they saw me doing, they had thought of me as being older than I actually was. I was as tall as I am now and weighed a muscular 180 pounds. My parents were expecting a man's work from me, and they saw to it that I kept busy. In my skills, I could do a man's work and was doing it, though I was carrying around on my large body only a fourteen-year-old head and, of course, a like amount of experience.

While we were getting the store into operation, Dad hired the team and me out several days to haul rock for the new school's foundation. Then, to have some spending money, I hired myself out to a farmer to break prairie sod—driving one of his teams. I hauled freight for the store, waited on the trade, and, after Dad bought a relinquishment, did the necessary farm work on the claim. When I had leisure I fished and hunted. These old fellows often saw me five or more miles from town, and to the horse-minded Comanches that was an unheard-of distance for anyone to walk.

This continuous activity of mine must have contrasted bitterly with the inertness of their own offspring. And one other possibility occurred to me. Almost all the older Comanches drank hard liquor, when the opportunity was present, but they had great respect for any white man who abstained.

Here was a man who could obtain whiskey at any time and yet didn't drink. It meant something special to them. In their book I was a Jesus Man. Apparently they could conceive of no other reason for abstention. This thinking possibly related to the missionaries, sent out by churches in the East, who were the only white men they had come in contact with who didn't drink.

One Carlisle man who found a beneficial and happy use for his education was Charley Ross. He must have been one of the very first Comanches sent to Carlisle after the surrender in 1876. A happy, outgoing chap, he made a life's work of smoothing the way between the white man and the older Indians. I saw him often and knew him quite well while Dad had his trading store. Once I saw him interpreting a sermon at an Indian camp meeting. After I started to practice law in Oklahoma City, I saw him acting as an interpreter in court trials, and once in a legislative committee hearing. He was always available when his people needed him.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

WHISKEY NIGHTS

ONLY BY A CONSIDERABLE SEARCH could anyone be found in all southwest Oklahoma Territory lower down on the social scale than the man who peddled whiskey to the Comanches. There were reasons for his low rating, even aside from the fact that the peddler was a breaker of both the United States law and the law of the territory of Oklahoma.

At the turn of the century, the Comanche warrior was only twenty-six years from his war trails. Many considered him a savage with only a superficial veneer of civilization; dangerous when sober, he was doubly feared when drinking.

Nor was it considered sporting to tempt him, as the average old Comanche's resistance was nil. The most cogent argument against selling the Comanche liquor was financial. A dollar spent by the average Comanche family man for liquor meant his family was denied its value in necessities.

The going price of a pint of cheap whiskey from the Comanche bootlegger was five dollars. This amount would supply a family of five with ample food for a week: a twenty-four-pound sack of flour, four pounds of dry salt bacon, two pounds of good coffee, eight pounds of sugar, ten pounds of good boiling beef (the Comanche seldom fried beef), seventy-five cents for dry onions and assorted

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

vegetables, and seventy-five cents for smoking tobacco and sweets for the children.

Most Indian families lived in meager comfort if the head of the household neither drank nor gambled. Of course, Indians who were compulsive gamblers lowered their families' standard of living also. The gambler's family had a feast-or-famine existence at best.

There is this to be said for gambling money—much of it stayed in the tribe, while money spent for liquor was gone forever. It is easy to understand why decent people deplored the selling of whiskey to these wards of the government.

One recurring incident of Comanche drinking, however, became an amusing interlude to people living close to our store. It occurred in the little inland town of Faxon, Oklahoma Territory, and began immediately after the opening of Comanche land for homesteading in 1901.

The old couple involved in the incident have children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren living. Let's call the father of the family Old Warrior. He was one of the better-to-do Indians in worldly goods. He had quite a few horses, a few beef cattle, a good hack, a nearly-new small lumber wagon, and good harness, and the family as a whole owned several stock saddles.

But when Old Warrior and his woman came to town for whiskey they never drove. They would ride double on a little, fat, gentle mare, the kind of mount the Indians termed a squaw horse—meaning a safe horse for anyone to ride. It was on such a mount the little folks learned to ride solo. Instead of a saddle, Mr. and Mrs. Old Warrior rode on a blanket, folded so both could sit on it.

Of course the mount was a dead giveaway, as they only used the little mare when they came for whiskey. Another giveaway was that they would arrive in town near dusk, long past the time they would start for home when driving. The first year or two, when not drinking, they would take a roundabout road home. But on whiskey nights, their errand accomplished, they rode straight for home, point to point across the prairie.

Ordinarily they were a friendly family, and once their other errands were attended to, they made our store their stopping place. They always tied their horses to our hitchrack, if there was room. But when on a whiskey trip, they left their friendliness at home and never came to our store. Nor did they enter any other place of business.

For some time there was a vacant store building just to the east

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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273 of our store with a recessed double doorway at the front. Old Warrior and his woman would take possession of this setback, spread down the blanket they rode on, sit down and pretend they didn't see anyone passing or hear anyone who spoke to them.

276 Once they were seated comfortably in the setback, they would have a ritualistic smoke. Mrs. Warrior would produce a baking-powder can from the folds of her blanket, take out a dried and trimmed oak leaf, hand it to her husband, then hide the can. After wetting the leaf with his tongue, Old Warrior would rub the moisture into the leaf with his thumb and forefingers.

During the leaf-softening and limbering process, the wife brought out a sack of Bull Durham smoking tobacco. When Old Warrior decided the leaf was properly conditioned, he took the tobacco sack and carefully poured the proper amount into the curved leaf. Care was exercised not to spill a grain of the precious weed.

Rolling tobacco into a cured leaf for a smoke is an art, or at least an accomplishment. There probably never was a white boy in all Comanche land who didn't try it at least once. When the leaf was rolled, it was necessary to hold it in place with thumb and finger to keep it from unrolling again.

By the time Old Warrior finished preparing the smoke, his wife, having caused the Bull Durham sack to disappear, produced a match. This ceremonial consumed even more time than my telling. Everything was done in slow motion. Maybe slow rhythm is a truer description. The ritual continued after the leaf cigarette was lighted; the husband took a few puffs and handed the cigarette to his wife; the wife had her puffs and handed it back. This exchange continued until the cigarette was too short to hold. They made the smoke last a surprisingly long time, but they never smoked a second cigarette, regardless of how late they had to wait for their whiskey.

276 562 I saw the same ritual performed a number of times by other old couples, and I have seen old men smoke by themselves, but I have no recollection of ever seeing a Comanche woman smoke by herself or with other women. We often had as many as a dozen wives sitting in the back of the store, but none of them ever smoked.

276 782 I questioned frontier friends about the old people's smoking. They said the plains Indians never used tobacco like the white man. Tobacco to the older Comanches was never a solace or a dissipation;

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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to them tobacco was a gift from the great spirit. What I had witnessed could be considered in the nature of a prayer or communion—perhaps you could apply the word *sacrament* to it.

I made a number of plans to observe these incidents more thoroughly, but none materialized. One was to count the number of puffs each took from the cigarette, and another was to find out who furnished Old Warrior his whiskey. The trouble was that I could only watch Mr. and Mrs. Old Warrior between the chores which needed to be done around the store. Late customers had to be waited upon; the team of little Spanish driving mules had to be hitched up for our trip to the claim, when we could finally close the store; occasionally there were letters to be mailed, so they would be sure to leave on the early morning mail hack for Lawton. These necessary duties made my watching a hit-and-miss activity.

Mr. and Mrs. Old Warrior's ritual extended to the drinking of whiskey. The bottle was always kept out of sight. When Old Warrior had the bottle opened, Mrs. Warrior held up part of her blanket over one arm in front of her husband, hiding him while he had his drink. When it was Mrs. Warrior's turn, he held up his blanket to shield her.

After the bottle passed back and forth a few times, the old couple headed for home. But they never left the bottle, so I assumed they kept some for the road. Their departure would leave me with a number of things to wonder about.

I wondered if they would make it home safely, if the little mare was trained to wait in case they went to sleep and fell off. If the weather was inclement, I worried about the two elderly people catching cold. Also, I wondered what their three Carlisle-educated children, two sons and a daughter, thought of their parents' late hours.

The old people's confidence in the little chubby mare was not misplaced. They survived each trip. I imagine Old Warrior and his wife felt they had been very discreet while in town, and that none of the white people had the slightest idea they had purchased whiskey.

I once heard a story at a Comanche gathering that may explain the care Old Warrior and his wife exercised when on whiskey trips. An old fellow told of having the record books of the old Deyo Mission. They had been left with his father, Ho-var-ith-kh, for safekeeping.

After telling of the formation of the first congregation, he turned to me and said laughingly, "You knew Old Warrior? Well, once Old

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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Warrior got drunk and made a scene, and they "churched" him. Brought him up for trial in the church for being drunk. The charge and the minutes are written in the books. They didn't throw him out, though. Old Warrior promised to do better, and they gave him another chance."

Maybe this explains Old Warrior's actions--riding to town and back across the prairies instead of coming and going by the road and coming to town just at dark, knowing that the Indians and most white people would have left town in time to get home before night set in and the near emptiness of the unlighted street would make it easier for the whiskey peddler to slip him the whiskey.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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000 little territorial bank in Cache. His building, which was about sixteen by twenty feet, was divided about half and half by a counter, with a sort of iron wickerwork, or grill, extending above the counter. I couldn't see anyone chasing me, but for all I knew the marshals could have beaten me to town.

I never slacked speed till I reached the bank door. I had never been inside before, but I lit running. Through the door, I began clawing money out of my pockets with both hands and shoving it through the wicker. I didn't know but what the marshals might follow me inside the bank. I told the banker who I was, the reason for my haste, and that I wanted to deposit the money. He had heard something of the ways of the guards at the reservation, and he congratulated me on my escape.

Looking back, remembering the humor I was in, how badly I was scared, I feel that had this wise Indian let me have his revolver, I would have stuck it in the waistband of my pants and, cocky as a rooster, tried to ride out the reservation gate. I knew I had broken no law.

If my guess was right, and if this guard and his partner were waiting for me, I was scared enough to try to use the gun. Someone would 657 have been shot, and it probably would have been me. The marshals were experienced officers. Always their excuse was that they had seen the collector gambling with the Indians or selling whiskey.

657 These subsidized marshals always operated on Indian land, it 452 seemed; and the only recourse was in United States Court—an expensive and long-drawn-out procedure. The collector was never arrested —just relieved of his money, whipped, and ordered off the reservation. We collectors wondered why we never heard of a whiskey peddler being pistol-whipped and having his stock and money taken from him.

Whiskey peddlers never showed till dark, and I'm sure the way 273 439 out I was shown was the ingress and egress of more than one bootlegger. Already, there was a worn path.

657 We were quite aware that a guard was necessary on the reservation while the payment was in progress and for as long as any considerable number of Indians remained camped there. Otherwise, bootleggers and gamblers would have overrun the place. Every sizable post oak tree would have had a blackjack dealer's blanket spread under it.

[452] But there were laws governing these practices. Collecting legiti- mate debts was a different proposition. This restriction was an idea 525 of the licensed trader. It would have taken the army to have stopped

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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many of the Indians from gambling when they had money. But as long as blackjack and three-card monte were dealt by Indians, the money remained in the tribe.

The camp-out on the reservation was dear to the older Indians' hearts. It was a reminder of the wild tribal days after the late summer buffalo hunt—the feasting, visiting, storytelling, gambling, and horse racing. There was no buffalo meat; but they had learned to eat beef, and there was plenty of money to buy it. Likewise, they could indulge in other goodies they had acquired a taste for—and the whiskey peddler came with the darkness each evening.

Mostly the visitors came from faraway tribes—people who didn't have Grass Money payments. They seemed to be old fellows, warrior age. Here, there, and yonder, you would see two old fellows squatted or sitting with their backs against blackjack trees, facing each other and visiting in the sign language. You were sure they were reriding the old war trails.

There was another string to the licensed trader's fiddle. Once an Indian failed to pay his bill to an independent trader, his credit with that merchant was gone. When out of money, he had to trade with the licensed trader. These traders' prices ran a great deal higher, and most Indians wanted to keep out of their clutches.

I got over my scare once the store's money was safe in the bank, and I rode back to the reservation. My memory is that I had seen about all of the Indians owing large accounts, and I had only the odds and ends to clean up. I never saw the marshal again that afternoon. I rode in home, eighteen miles, that night, starting after dark. Perhaps I should add that most adults with sense, large merchants from Lawton and surrounding towns, and the moneylenders set up camp in the section line outside the reservation gate. There they could catch the Indians going and coming.

Some readers may read a different meaning into the word *reservation* than I have in mind in this story. I use it here in the sense of land held back, reserved from allotment and homesteading, when the area was opened for settlement in 1901. There were three of these tracts, containing two or three sections each. One was at Fort Sill, one at Anadarko, and one just southwest of Cache. There was a licensed trading store on each tract, and the land was the property of the Indians. Reservation was the name in general use for these areas. The